

THE
BASTARD CHILD,
Or A FEAST
FOR THE
CHURCH-WARDENS.

A
DRAMATICK SATIRE
OF TWO ACTS;

As it is ACTED every DAY, within the
BILLS of MORTALITY.

By Sir DANIEL DOWNRIGHT.

To paint the vile Church-warden is my Aim,
Who swallows down his Throat the Poor's just Claim;
Who every Day luxuriant Methods plan,
To drink and to devour all they can.

L O N D O N:

Printed for H. SERJEANT, at the *Black Swan*,
without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCLXVIII.

THE
BASTARD CHILD
 OF A FATHER
 FOR THE
CHURCH-WARDENS.

DRAMMATIC

OF TWO ACTS:

As it is acted every DAY, when the
 FATE OF MORTALITY.

By **ST. DANIEL DOWNSIGHT.**

To paint the life of Church-wardens is my Aim,
 Who shows how I must live, and how I must claim,
 Who every Day I must see, and how I must plan,
 To drink and to devour all they can.

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Printed for H. Serjeant, at the Black Swan,
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P R O L O G U E

CHARACTERS.

Spoken by the AUTHOR.

M E N.

Peter Greech, and Timothy Tearfowl, two modern Church-wardens.

Justice Hog, a selfish busy trading Justice.

Sir Francis Full-purse, a Gentleman of strict Honour.

Samuel Shoulder-knot, a Footman to *Full-purse.*

Daniel Lovefee, a roguish Constable.

Benjamin Bounce, a Parish-Beadle.

W O M E N.

Mrs. All-tongue, an old Bawd.

Dolly Wanton, a young Whore.

Old Nurse Careless, a Parish Nurse.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the AUTHOR.

I *REALLY* am the author of the farce;
Pieces like this—perhaps are very scarce:
From the beginning, to the end a satire,
Yet not to prove my heart's full of ill-nature,
Nor calculated to explore my wit,
But form'd to oppressors of the poor to hit.
No patriotic schemes are here in view,
Liberty with it, nothing has to do,
'Bout Scotchmen here, I muster up no fob;
Our English fat church-wardens have the squib;
Yet still the matter's plainly understood,
It points not at the officers that's good.
But give the players leave—they'll make you smile,
To see what tricks are play'd by those that's vile;
Here justice had administer'd you'll see,
What justice is not—nor what it shou'd be.
Have patience till the players reach the middle,
You'll see a roughish constable and beadle;
An old pert noisy bawling strumpet wild,
Who to a footman wants to swear a child.
But in the execution of the plan,
There's plainly pictur'd out one honest man;
Who thinks with knaves—there shou'd be no for-
[bearing
Be silent, and you'll find it worth your bearing.

THE BASTARD CHILD.

SCENE, LONDON.

SCENE, the STREET,

Enter Greedy, and Tearfowl meeting.

Tearfowl.

WHAT, my honest friend, *Peter Greedy*—by my corporation I am glad to see thee—pray what important business drove you this way.

Greedy.

Business, Mr. *Tearfowl*, of the utmost importance; you must know that *Sam*
B *Shoulderknot*

2 THE BASTARD CHILD,

Shoulderknot, has committed fornication with *Dolly Wanton*—and moreover threatens to make our spotless parish a present of a bastard, so I'm going for a warrant to take him up.

Tearfowl.

That's the very best thing you could have thought on, for it's no longer ago than yesterday, I was inform'd by Mrs. *All-tongue*, that *Sam Shoulderknot* has got left him by the death of an old miserly aunt, the sum of fourteen guineas. Now by laying our heads together, if we could but frighten him out of ten pounds on't, to our mutual satisfaction, we might provide ourselves an elegant supper.

Greedy.

True *Timothy*, true, it does one's heart good to hear you talk—there's no discourse so pleasant as that of eating, especially at free cost; the *French*, with their soup,—the *Dutch*, with their herrings,—the *Welch*, with their cheese,—the *Scotch*, with their grout,—the *Irish*, with their butter-milk, never look so rosy and plump as an *English* churchwarden.

Tearfowl,

THE BASTARD CHILD. 3

Tearfowl.

Right *Peter*, right; we have got princely bodies,—bellies that can testify good living isn't thrown away on 'em; by our church pew, we are noble ornaments to the parish.

Greedy.

May the bellows of our organ never blow—may all the bells in our church steeple crack the first rejoycing day—and our parish clerk be as hoarse as a raven, if we are not the glory of a vestry; and the credit of the company at a parish feast.

Tearfowl.

Aye, aye, *Greedy*, we are none of *Pharoah's* lean kine, no frightful skeleton pictures—now for my part, I think there's no sight on earth so mean and despicable, as a poor half starv'd herring-gutted fellow; such a one always puts me in mind of a famine.

B 2

Greedy

4 THE BASTARD CHILD.

Greedy.

Oh! 'tis an odious prospect; but we must think of business, for fear his worship shou'd be gone out, and we by that means be disappointed of a good supper—which my craving guts at this instant seem to have no great inclination to lose.

Tearfowl.

Egad nor mine neither, Mr. *Greedy*—hunger is a very disagreeable companion I assure you—and before I could suffer it long to be my master, I shou'd make some violent breach in the law; but dear *Greedy*—my mind misgives me most plaguily that this supper scheme of ours will miscarry

Greedy.

Now your talk cuts me to the heart; miscarry quoth'a—fye upon you Mr. *Tearfowl*, to doubt my abilities when my plan's so well secured:—I have firmly engag'd in our cause Mrs. *All-tongue*, the old bawd, and *Dolly Wanton*, the young whore; whose oaths before Justice *Hog* will be readily taken:

THE BASTARD CHILD. 5

taken: I have it all in my head, therefore leave it all to my prudent management.

Tearfowl.

I can't imagine how you intend to dispose of the bastard.

Greedy.

Now, prithee let that give you no manner of concern, I have settled that wisely—and if you must know how—I intend to give the bastard to old Nurse *Careless*, our parish nurse; who for the daily allowance of one poor quart of juniper water, will never let it be of any great expence to the parish; for I never knew any live with her above three days.

Tearfowl.

Oh, *Peter*, she's an excellent old woman, she's the very picture of good luck—the queen of honesty—but as delays are dangerous, let us haste away to the justice's office.

Greedy

6 THE BASTARD CHILD.

Greedy.

With all my heart *Tearfowl*,
For what we lose by being negligent,
Does both our pockets, and our guts torment.
(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E, *changes to the* JUSTICE'S
OFFICE.

*The Justice sitting solus at a Table, with
Pen, Ink, and Paper before him, pulls
out his Watch, and lays it on the Ta-
ble.*

It's now half an hour past twelve o'clock,
and no business stirring yet at my office;
not one single shilling have I taken this
blessed morning to whet my appetite a-
gainst dinner time; who the devil wou'd
be a justice: I cannot for my life ima-
gine what is become of all my bold dar-
ling midnight scourers, no bloods, no choice
spirits, who us'd to knock down the watch-
men and break the lamps:—what ne'er
an

THE BASTARD CHILD. 7

an old bawd to pay her quarterage, nor green unqualified whore to fee me; wretched times indeed!—I must have a dram of comfort [*drinks*] to raise my spirits;—well, now I do clearly remember that I us'd to reap a considerable advantage in granting search warrants, but to my misfortune there's no such thing now—no, no, 'tis *vox populi*—hard times indeed, egad my mind misgives me most plaguily, that *Daniel Lovefee* the constable engrosses all the bribes to himself. Now after all the indulgence I have shewn that knave, he is certainly going to be honest at last, or at least like the rest of the world, all for his own ends; therefore self interest strictly commands me to make a motion to have *Daniel* discarded, and try if I can't get one in that rascal's place of a more considerate disposition. But hark! (*knocking at the door*) methinks I hear knocking at the door, (*knocking again*) aye, aye, thank Providence it's even so, well I'll gladly open the door and let 'em in.

Enter

8 THE BASTARD CHILD.

*Enter Greedy, Tearfowl, Mrs. All-tongue
and Dolly Wanton.*

Justice Hog.

Upon my life—ha! gentlemen—your servant ladies! I am heartily glad to see ye all, it's fine weather—charming weather—I hope ye're all in good health, in brisk spirits, and in the right humour for trading. Gad forgive me, I was just lamenting the loss of business, you want warrants I reckon; how many, what about, come I'll take my seat, I have the pen ready, what's the matter, I hate to be idle, that ye all know well enough.

Omnes.

Yes, yes, we can safely vouch that, tho' your worship's business must certainly be vastly fatiguing.

Justice.

(puffs and blows.

Most violently so, but if there was no law, there'd be no living—I'm sure I sweat
at

THE BASTARD CHILD. - 9

at the thoughts of my own industry;—
oh! what an eternal slave I am to the
goose quill—I am greatly pittied by the
master of the paper mill; tho' to be sure
I'm an excellent customer to him, take
the year round, and if I was not so sorely
afflicted with the gout, I shou'd soon be
the making of him and myself too.

Greedy.

Oh! no manner of doubt of that—I
wish your worship wou'd fill me up a
warrant of fornication, against an industri-
ous fellow, call'd *Sam Shoulderknot*, he has
been toying and fooling with this young
innocent wench here, whose name is *Dolly*
Wanton.

Justice.

Poor *Dolly*, I'll do it in a minute, (*fills*
a warrant,) there master *Greedy*, give that
to *Daniel Lovefee*, and let him bring him
here, egad I'll pepper him well I warrant
ye.

Mrs. All-tongue.

There's a bit of gold please your wor-
ship for my quarterage, and there is five
C shillings

10 THE BASTARD CHILD.

shillings, as a trifling acknowledgment of this young lady *Dolly Wanton's* gratitude; and you may venture to take Mrs. *Alltongue's* honest word, if times were not so desperate hard I'd tip handsomer a great deal, but las-a-day master *Hog*, taxes run so abominable high now-a-days, and the quality grow so stingy that I vow one can hardly keep a house over one's head with any credit; I am really grown sick of my profession—nothing but losses every night, and people of fashion lay in bed half the day—why folks have no manner of consideration how their honest neighbours are to get a living——

Tearfowl.

None at all indeed Mrs. *Alltongue*; I am sure I have had great losses, and so has my friend, Mr. *Greedy*, by being church-wardens; and the poor are really so ignorant and jealous of people in power, that they think we are always cribbing something belonging to them.

Justice.

Ha, ha, ha, right master *Tearfowl*—'tis a very ungrateful, unsatisfied world we live in—I blush at the thoughts on't.

Omnes

THE BASTARD CHILD. 11

Omnes.

So do I—so do I—Well we thank your worship, good by to you—good by.

Justice.

Your servant, your servant, gentlemen, your servant ladies.

Scene changes to a Room in Sir Francis Fullpurse's House.

Sir Francis with a Letter in his Hand.

Sir Francis,

This letter informs me of some vile knavery going forwards ;— what a scheming, wicked, designing world we live in—well I am determined these cormorant's shan't gain their ends.—If the poor fellow is really innocent (a thought is just come into my head, how to match 'em ;) my servant *Sam* and I differ not greatly in physiognomy—and as to our stature, why, it is pretty much alike.—Adzooks I am thinking if we change cloaths (as *Sam* is a trusty servant) we may

12 THE BASTARD CHILD.

make them glad to sneak off without their booty ; (it must certainly be so,—aye, and speedily too) *Sam, Sam*, where are you.

Enter Shoulderknot.

Shoulderknot.

Here, please your honour—here am I, ready to obey your commands.

Sir Francis.

'Tis well *Sam*—I have thoroughly examined the contents of this letter; and am heartily inclined to believe that you are innocent in this matter, by the solemn declaration you made to me this morning ; therefore like a bold general (as you have always behaved well in my service) I intend to fight this battle for you as a testimony of my regard, and as some encouragement for a servant to behave well at all times ; therefore step into the next room with me, and we'll change apparel, and when the constable comes I'll open the door and be secur'd in your place.

Shoulderknot.

THE BASTARD CHILD, 13

Shoulderknot.

I thank your Honour—your Honour's
condecension and goodness is quite beyond
example.

[*Exeunt Sir Francis and Shoulderknot.*]

END OF THE FIRST A C T.

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A C T II.

Scene changes to the Street before Sir Francis's House.

Enter Lovefee and Bounce.

Lovefee.

Now Master *Bounce* ; mind you are handy in assisting me to serve this warrant ; for I am told by the heads of the parish, that *Sam Shoulderknot* is not only a nimble sprightly fellow, but a devil of a bruiser.

Bounce.

Why I tell thee Mr. *Lovefee*—if he was the devil himself he'd not easily get out of my clutches, if once I grasp him—however your disputing my fortitude and strength only denotes how little you know of my pedigree and exploits—for above thirteen years before I was beadle of our parish, I was in the affidious office of a bailiff's follower ; and towards the latter end of last war, perhaps the most tractable kidnapper in the three kingdoms : I have forced by violence many an honest, nay sturdy fellow to go for a soldier, strangely against his inclination.

Lovefee

THE BASTARD CHILD. 15

Lovefee.

This Mr. *Bounce* for ought I know may be all very true ; but how much can you brag you ever got by it.

Bounce.

Above an hundred and forty pounds—and spent it merrily.

Lovefee.

Then I'd have you to know that I'm your Master—For I absolutely made twice that sum by letting people go after I had got 'em, and have hoarded the pelf against a rainy day.

Bounce.

Oh I must grant that too much honesty is a very cumbersome quality ; but hark, —look out yonder is *Sir Francis Fullpurse's* house.

Lovefee.

Mr. *Bounce* you have got good eyes—'tis even so ; now quite calm to business ; stand you
up

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up closely at the next door, I warrant you
I'll soon secure the prize.

[*Knocks at the door, Sir Francis opens it.*]

Sir Francis.

Did you want my master friend.

Lovefee.

Not I, believe me friend, I see you are
his footman, and you are the gentleman I
want; I have a warrant against you, and
you must immediately go along with me.

Sir Francis.

'Tis mighty well, Sir, what may you
reckon it o'clock—my watch is above stairs
—it's about three I believe.

Lovefee.

'Tis three exactly—the church clock
strikes now.

[*to them*]

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To them Bounce.

Bounce.

Ah! what my old acquaintance, *Daniel Lovefee*, many a long day since I saw your honest countenance.

Lovefee.

Why Mr. *Benjamin Bounce*, I have had you often in my cap of remembrance—and if you choose to take a little turn with us for the benefit of the air, as we are so accidentally met together, it is'nt a single jug shall part us.

Sir Francis, (aside)

No, no, I reckon not, nor a dozen or two, if you could make me fool enough to pay for 'em; but I shall sing ye a different song.

Bounce.

Why for the matter of that Mr. *Lovefee*, we are neither of us flinchers, so give me your honest hand old boy, and come along.

[*Exeunt Sir Francis, Lovefee, Bounce.*]

D SCENE

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SCENE *continues.*

Enter Greedy and Tearfowl.

Tearfowl.
Yes, yes, Mr. *Greedy*; you keep feeding one up with fine hopes of a good supper,—but I wish you only felt half my sufferings; I warrant there is worms in my belly a yard long,—and the wind I can assure you has got the upper hand of my poor bowels so much, that it has almost bred a civil war from one end of my guts to the other.

Greedy.

Poor *Tearfowl*, poor *Tearfowl*, how my heart grieves for thee; but dear brother cormorant, you must have a little more patience.

Tearfowl.

P'shaw, damn your doctrine, it is downright murder to a man in my condition.

Greedy.

Be pacified, Master *Tearfowl*, I am content to fast a little 'cause it saves charges; sure
we

THE BASTARD CHILD. 19

we may live on our fat two or three hours longer.

Tearfowl.

I tell thee *Greedy* 'tis an age—I am quite sick; I shall faint at the thoughts on't.

Greedy.

Get thee a quartern of juniper water; it will greatly mollify thy inside, and be a perfect antidote to the qualms of thy stomach; I cannot for my life think what is become of the constable and beadle, if they ever intend to do any good, they must certainly have done business before now.

Tearfowl.

I reckon they are gossiping and guzling somewhere, suppose we hunt for 'em at the King's Head, *Greedy*.

Greedy.

Agreed, *Tearfowl*—as likely a place as any where.

(*Exeunt.*)

D 2

SCENE

20 THE BASTARD CHILD.

SCENE changes to the King's-Head.

*A Tankard on the Table; Pipes and Tobacco.
Sir Francis, Lovefee, and Bounce, seated
in Chairs.*

Lovefee.

Indeed Mr. *Shoulderknot* you may do as
you will, but I think you had better take my
advice.

Sir Francis.

Mr. Constable I don't rightly understand
you, pray be a little more explicit in your
meaning.

Bounce.

Why tip a little handsome, the man's
meaning is plain enough.

Lovefee.

Aye, Aye, Mr. *Bounce* has it; about a couple
of guineas and pay this little reckoning.

Sir

THE BASTARD CHILD. 21

Sir Francis.

None I called for—nor none I'll pay—
and as to giving guineas away—is a method
I am not at all acquainted with.—For to tell
you the truth I dont find money so plenty.

Lovefee.

You may be as stiff as you please Mr.
Shoulderknot,—but I think you stand greatly
in your own light; for you must absolutely
find ten pounds—go for a soldier—or suffer
a twelve months imprisonment, if not more.

Sir Francis.

I can't say that I am very fond of laying
wagers; but I will lay you ten guineas
that I shall do neither of those three things
you have mentioned—and there if you like
it is a guinea to bind the bargain.

Lovefee.

With all my heart, sir, there is another
guinea, now shall the beadle hold stakes.

Sir

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Sir Francis.

I have no objection—take those two pieces Mr. Bounce, I think that is your name.

Bounce.

Yes, fir, I am honest Ben Bounce, all the world over, and so sure as your name is Sam Shoulderknot, you'll lose this wager; I suppose it's to be made up ten guineas to morrow.

Sir Francis.

To night if the constable chooses.

Lovefee.

Why as you say I have no objection.

Bounce.

Well, well, it's a wager.

Enter

THE BASTARD CHILD. 23

Enter, to them, Greedy and Tearfowl.

Greedy.

O ho ! your servant, gentlemen—a pretty fellow to be constable.

Tearfowl.

A fine fellow to be beadle—these proceedings won't do.

Lovefee and Bounce.

Don't be angry masters (rising up) don't be angry ; we was this minute talking of going—every thing will be right presently.

Sir Francis, aside.

So I hear you say.—

Greedy and Tearfowl.

Come, come, for shame no delay—call the waiter, pay your reckoning ; to business,
to

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to business—come be tractable ; sad doings,
—sad doings—away to the justice's and meet
us here again as soon as ever you can ; we
want to see supper on table.

Lovefee.

We'll obey orders immediately gentle-
men, come *Bounce*, come Mr. *Shoulderknot*,
our wager will soon be determin'd.

(exeunt Lovefee, Bounce, and Sir Francis.

Scene changes to the JUSTICE'S OFFICE.

Justice.

I am quite tir'd of sitting idle, I care
not what mischief goes forward, so I can
but have a finger in the pye—and any
thing got by't—damn indolence, a man had
better be hang'd than starv'd ; *Greedy* and
Tearfowl are two very industrious fellows,
and in fact, by some cunning scheme or
other, are above half my support ; it's a
pleasure to trade with such tractable church
wardens—always scheming—for everlasting
shuffling, cutting and contriving ; I dearly
love the sight of those cormorants, they
are so engaging to a man of business—
(knocking at the door.

Aye,

THE BASTARD CHILD. 25

Aye, aye, I hear you, you shall soon have admittance.

(Justice opens the door.

Enter Bounce, Lovefee, Shoulderknot, Mrs. All-tongue, and Dolly Wanton.

Lovefee.

I have brought your worship the footman for fornication, your worship has been well acquainted with the nature of the business.

Justice.

True, Mr. Lovefee—Well fir, do you intend to marry that lady.

(pointing to Dolly Wanton.

Sir Francis.

Not I, believe me fir!

Justice.

Have you got ten pounds in your pocket?

Sir Francis.

Aye, above twenty.

E

Justice.

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Justice.

Then don't be an obstinate fool, but pay down ten directly, or you shall go for a soldier.

Sir Francis.

I shall do neither.

Justice.

Ha! *Shoulderknot*, you are a pert livery gentleman! I believe a twelvemonth's imprisonment, will cool your courage the best.

Sir Francis gives the Justice a Letter.

Sir Francis.

I believe that will cool somebody.

Justice.

(reads, and nods and shrugs.

Mercy on us, here had like to have been a job indeed!—Mr. Constable—where are your eyes—do you know what you have done.

Constable.

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Constable.

Nothing amiss, I hope.

Justice.

You are in the right to hope so, (but if you have not forgiveness, as well as hope;) I know not what will become of you, down upon your knees every one of you, I charge you, and ask *Sir Francis Fullpurse* pardon.

Omnes.
(staring hard at *Sir Francis*.)

Sir Francis Fullpurse—fate forbid it.

Justice.

(Fate forbid it, or fate forbid it not) see and do as you are bid.

(they kneel down, and address him.)

Dear *Sir Francis*, forgive the mistake.

Sir Francis.

As my heart is above doing a mean action, so is it tender enough to afford pity to those that deserve none, hoping by the means of extraordinary lenity, to overcome those wicked passions, you seem to

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be possess'd of. So rise up—hear my conditions, and timely embrace 'em.

Justice.

(with the letter in his hand.)

Gentlemen and ladies—hear the cordial conditions, first Mr. *Lovefee* (to prevent a rigorous prosecution) fulfil your wager, and marry Mrs. *All-tongue*, Mr. *Bounce* you must wed *Dolly Wanton*, (to stop fornication warrant;) as to my part, I voluntarily humbly ask the gentleman's pardon, and am very happy to see such an early discovery, egad ye had like to have brought me into a charming mess—come, come, weigh the matter speedily—give your answer quick.

Omnes.

Most heartily agreed on.

Sir Francis.

Then Mr. Justice *Hog*, I excuse the constable for five pounds, which I desire you will give the poor of the parish.

Justice.

THE BASTARD CHILD. 29

Justice.

It shall be done to day—there's a gentleman for you.

Omnes.

A gentleman, every inch.

Sir Francis.

'Tis all settled, and I would recommend to you all, to be content with taking inches instead of ells. *[exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE, *changes to the King's Head.*

Greedy.

Come master *Tearfowl*, pluck up your courage, sit down a bit we'll have a tiff of punch—here waiter.

[waiter cries, coming sir, coming, coming.]

Enter Waiter.

Your will, gentlemen.

Greedy.

Eighteen pennyworth of punch, in a minute.

Waiter.

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Waiter.

You shall have it gentlemen.

Exeunt Waiter.

Greedy.

I cannot bear to see you look so dull and cloudy, why you are more the picture of a disappointed lover, than a rosy and jovial church warden:—I must roast you a little, indeed you make me quite angry, *Timothy*—hang me if I can find in my heart to make it up with you, without you will sing me that droll catch, you diverted us with the other day, at our parish feast.

Enter Waiter, with a Bowl of Punch, Nurse Careless, following him.

Greedy.

See, master *Tearfowl*, see who's there.

Nurse Careless curtsies.

Tearfowl.

Ah, what old *Kate Careless* our parish nurse, egad you are come in the nick of me, a chair for this old lady, waiter.

Waiter.

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Waiter.

I'll fetch it in a moment. (*exeunt waiter.*)

Greedy.

Well mother *Careless*, how many of your nine brats are living, we gave you to nurse last week, (*Enter waiter with the chair*) there's a chair for your ladyship.

Nurse.

(*fetches a deep sigh.*)

Heigho——only two——

Tearfowl and Greedy.

Ha, ha, ha, well hast thou done, thou marrow of tendernefs.

Nurse.

Why really gentlemen, the dearness of provisions makes one afraid to buy dainties, I'm sure nobody living can spin a penny out further than me—a sheep's head—a halfpennyworth of oatmeal—two pound of potatoes—and five stale rowls, is all the charges of housekeeping that I can boast of these ten days past.

Greedy.

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Greedy.

Drink to her, for that's his drink!

Tearfowl.

There, you old skin flint, nonpareil.

Greedy.

Give her another, it will do her good,
she deserves it heartily.

Tearfowl.

(gives her another.)

So she does, well Kate, we shall soon
give you another bastard.

Nurse.

I thank you gentlemen, you shall al-
ways find me diligent, so your most obe-
dient humble servant, I'm in a hurry now;
for the two infants I left at home, were
dying when I left 'em.

(exeunt Nurse Carless.)

Greedy.

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Greedy.

Now brother cormorant shake hands, (*they shake hands*) didst thou ever see such a notable scratch!—she's worth her weight in gold dust: These last nine children we gave her to nurse (I'll prove by the book) makes just eighty one, in less time than three quarters of a year, and only two living—think of that, master *Tearfowl*—think of that: I wonder whether there can be found in the bills of mortality, two such excellent carvers as you and me.

Tearfowl.

Devil a bit brother *Greedy*, we are phoenixes in our offices, we are the jewels of christendom.

Greedy.

The wonders of the age, *Tearfowl*—and now for a little vocal harmony—the droll catch I mean you was going to sing.

Tearfowl.

Aye, I don't know what I may do now, as the punch is here, and matters seem to go
F right,

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right, but I don't really remember that I have been so low spirited these twenty years.

Greedy.

Well, I'll charge high for you, there,
(*filling a glass to the brim.*)
toss that off, *Tearfowl.*

[*he drinks it half up.*]

Tearfowl.

Phoo, that's but a thimble full—I'll drink out of the bowl.

Greedy.

I love your maxim old boy, drink again, mend your draught, whet t'other eye—booze about—forget all your care.

Tearfowl.

I have had the good manners to drink it half up, *Greedy.*

Greedy.

So much the better, I'll finish it, (*drinks the remainder*) it's out—much good may't do me—it makes the cockles of my heart glow, we'll have t'other bowl, the parish shall

THE BASTARD CHILD. 35

shall pay for't in brushes and brooms, or
a new bell rope. Come, waiter, waiter,
where are you.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter.

Here gentlemen——

Greedy.

Fill the bowl, make it rich, we'll not
be stinted, away with the glasses.

Waiter.

No more you shall—a good notion.

(exeunt waiter.

Greedy.

Come master *Tearfowl*, sing away.

F 2

Tearfowl.

36 THE BASTARD CHILD.

Tearfowl Sings

S O N G.

I.

*M^r credit's grown thin,
And my appetite's keen
I love the dear sight of a glutton;
I cou'd drink if 'twas here
A whole gallon of beer,
And eat a large shoulder of mutton.*

II.

*What a ravenous beast
I shou'd wake at a feast,
And you'd trust me to sit at your table;
If my girdle was cord,
I believe by the l—d,
I cou'd burst with my guts a ship's cable.*

III.

*If our scheme should miscarry,
I shan't be so merry,
Kind providence send no such crosses,
For if this shou'd be done
As sure as a gun,
I shall die with the thoughts of our losses.*
Greedy

THE BASTARD CHILD. 37

Greedy.

Well behav'd *Tearfowl*, it's a charming ditty I protest ; now soak your soul a little—there's no fear of a disappointment.

Tearfowl.

So you have told me all along—and I'll never forgive you, if we miss our mark—(*drinks*) but here's hoping we shall be lucky, faith I begin to grow quite impatient for their return from the justice's : I think it might have been settled by this time, as Justice *Hog* has been so well acquainted with our business in private.

Enter to them Lovefee, Bounce, Mrs. All-tongue, and Dolly Wanton.

Greedy.

Well, how are matters order'd?

Lovefee.

Speak *Bounce*——

Bounce.

Nay speak your self.

Tearfowl.

38 THE BASTARD CHILD.

Tearfowl.

What a plague's the matter.

Mrs. All-tongue.

Plague enough, I promise you.

Dolly Wanton.

I have had a narrow escape from *Bridewell*.

Bounce.

And I from *Newgate*.

Lovefee.

And I, from the pillory.

Tearfowl.

Confusion to you all, how can ye keep
a man on the rack this way, speak to
the purpose immediately.

Omnes.

Why there'll be no supper.

Greedy.

THE BASTARD CHILD. 39

Greedy and Tearfowl.

Death and destruction—what's the meaning.

Bounce.

Why our foolish constable got hold of the wrong man.

Lovefee..

And our foolish beadle knew no better, so often as he has been at the house, he did not know *Sir Francis* from his footman: so we have been oblig'd to beg his pardon on our marrowbones, besides ten guineas out of my pocket.

Tearfowl.

I wish it had been your total ruin—well Mr. *Greedy*, which way do you intend to divert me now.

Greedy.

With a melancholy walk back again to your house.

Tearfowl.

If you banter me I'll fight you.

Greedy.

40 THE BASTARD CHILD.

Greedy.

You are in a passion.

Tearfowl.

Enough to make me—damn your scheming, I'll never forgive you while the world endures— *(rises up from the table.*
who's to pay the reckoning.

Greedy.

You if you please.

Tearfowl endeavours to collar him, but is prevented by the rest.

Tearfowl.

—I'd sooner throttle you—

Omnes.

For shame gentlemen—we'll have no fighting.

Greedy.

Pray let him use his pleasure, if he is really so much in earnest as he pretends, zounds I am not so soon frighten'd.

Mrs.

THE BASTARD CHILD 43

Mrs. All-tongue.

Ridiculous talking—he in earnest, not he indeed—and suppose he was—I'd soon bring him in a good humour, I have a story to tell him will make him smile.

Tearfowl.

Tell it then.

Mrs. All-tongue.

Why for all this disappointment, we'll have a good supper.

Tearfowl.

Indeed! *Mrs. All-tongue.*

Mrs. All-tongue.

Aye, indeed and indeed, Mr. *Tearfowl*, we'll have a merry bout on't at my house this evening.

Tearfowl.

Upon what account pray?

Mrs. All-tongue.

Such an account as will make you and *Greedy* laugh, here's to be two weddings amongst us to-morrow morning.

G

Greedy.

42 THE BASTARD CHILD.

Greedy and Tearfowl.

As how——

Mrs. All-tongue.

Why the constable marries me—and
the beadle, *Dolly Wanton.*

Omnes.

It's all agreed on I promise you, be-
fore Justice *Hog*, and if you'll both give
him, and us your company, we'll be merry
to-night, and you shall give us away in
the morning.

Greedy and Tearfowl.

With all our hearts, so let's have a dance
to conclude.

(after the dance.)

Greedy.
I hope Mr. *Tearfowl*, this will learn you sense,
And make you always trust in Providence.

Tearfowl.

I beg you'll all excuse the effect of passion,
I'm now the happiest fellow in the nation.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *All-tongue*.

I CAN'T help laughing at the Poet's plan,
To make me in my old age have a man;
One always furnish'd with a fine long staff,
I must—I can't forbear—it makes one laugh.
And my young daughter marry with an old man,
Sure for your worth, you never will be sold man;
Now I'll be judg'd by every one that's here,
If Mr. Poet's done the thing that's fair;
It's strange—it's wond'rous strange—it's vastly
[queer]
However if we'd single longer tarried,
'Tis not so honour'ble as to be married.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. All-Forgiveness.

I CAN'T help laughing at the Poet's plan,
To make me in my old age have a man;
One always furnished with a fine long staff,
I must—I can't forbear—it makes one laugh.
And my young daughter may with an old man;
But for your worth, you never will be sold man;
Now I'll be just as I was, and that's true;
If Mr. Poet's plan should be a fair;
It's strange—it's very strange—it's really
[quiescent]
However if we'd single longer tarried,
It's not so honour'd as to be married.

